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NO. 9.

THE ALLEGHANIAN

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"ALLEGHANIAN" DIRECTO.

CHURCHES, MINISTERS.c.

Presbyterian-Ray. D. Harrison, 1or .-reaching every Sabbath morning 101 clock, and in the evening at 6 o'clo Sabath School at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prayneetng every Thursday evening at 7 o'cl Methodist Episcopal Church-Rev. HANE,

Preacher in charge. Rev J. M. Sx. Assistant. Preaching every Sabbath, aliately at 10% o'clock in the morning, or in the evening. Sabbath School at 9 o'clos A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday ever at 7

Weich Independent-REV. Lt. R. WELL, Pastor .- Preaching every Sabbath ning at

Calcinatic Methodist-Rev. Jone Liams. ut 7 o'clock. Society every Tuesdening

Disciples-REY. WM. LLOVD, Pastor-aching every Subnath morning at 10 o'c Particular Bayman-Rev. Davidening, Pestor .- Conclude every Subbath etg at Joelack. Subbath School at 1 o'cle. M Catholic-Rev. M. J. Mirenent, or .-Services every Subbath morning at Block and Vespers at 4 o'clock in the even

DRENSBURG MAILS MAILS ARRIVE.

Eastern, daily, at Western, " 11 MAILS CLOSE. 5 o'clot M. Eastern, daily, ut The Mails from Butler, Indianalyswa, ken arrive on Tuesday and F of seli week, at 5 o'clock, P. M. Leave blensburg on Mondays a ave, at T o'clack, A. M. Boy" The Mails from Newman's Mil down, &c., arrive on Monday and For sich week, at 3 o'elnek, P. M. Leave Ebensburg on Tuesdays andrto a st T o'clock, A. M. \$57 Past Office open on Sundays of

WILMORE STATION. Express Train, leaves at

RAILROAD SCHEDULA Mail Train, ist - Express Train, Midl Train,

10 o'clock, A. M.

COUNTY OFFICERS. Judges of the Courts .- President, Hor

ylor, Huntingdon; Associates, Geor Richard Jones, Jr. Prothonotary .- Joseph M'Donald. Register and Recorder .- Michael Hasse Sheriff .- Robert P. Linton. Deputy Sheriff .- George C. K. Zahm. Clerk to Commissioners .- George C. K.

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eary Hawk. County Surveyor .- Henry Scanlan. Coroner .- Peter Dougherty. Superintendent of Common Schools .-

farrison Kinkead. Burgess,-John D. Hughes.

Clerk to Council .- James C. Noon. Borough Treasurer .- George Gurley. Weigh Masters .- Davis & Lloyd. School Directors.—M. C. M Cague, Barker, Thomas M. Jones, Reese S. Edward Glass, William Davis.

Constable.—George Gurley, Taz Collector.—George Gurley, Arscasor.—Richard T. Davis. Judge of Election .- David J. Jones.

SELECT POETRY.

The Deserted House.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Lage and thought have gone away Side by side. Leaving door and windows wide: Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night; In the window is no light; And no murmur at the door, So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the door, the shutter close, Or through the windows we shall see The nakedness and vacancy Of the dark deserted house.

Come away; no more of mirth Is here, or merry-making sound ; The house was builded of the earth, And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for life and thought Here no longer dwell; But in a city glorious-A great and distant city-have bought A mansion incorruptible. Would they could have staid with us!

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the Phrenological Journal, of Jan. 1854 Grace Greenwood.

The gifted writer who has won such a wide and beautiful reputation around the domestic hearth-stones of this country, under the name of GRACE GREENWOOD, was born in Pompey, a quiet, agricultural town in Onondaga county, N. Y. Her family name was Sara G. Clarke, which. 10 o'clock, and in the evening at clock. by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. Sabbath School at 1 o'clock, P. Wrayer Lippincott, of Philadelphia, in October by her marriage with Mr. Leander K. month; and on every Tuesday, reday tion by which she will be best known in place, down in a hollow, they had built for nine. This was the hour for evening well in England as in our own country.

> home in her native place. Here she acand exercises which made her a sort of shadows of the pine and hemlock, now worship that night, with one lamb of the in literature, and enlivening the social always hopes for the best, she will yet aid Die Vernon at an early age, and which, if out into the warm fire-light, and chanting flock gone astray. I thought of all their circles in England in which she was the approach of the era which has rarely we may judge from her writings, the ex- to the child some Indian lullaby. The grief and fears, till I felt that my heart warmly received by the resistless attraction been better described than in her own periences of maturer life has never quite men sat on a log, smoking gravely and would burst with sorrow and repentance, tions of her wit, piquancy, originality, and glowing words:—"While it is ours to lagenuine country-girl, with eye and soul playing lazily with a great yellow hound, alive to all the enchantments of woods, and waters, and verdant fields, could have Indian dogs. The old squaw was cooking given the discription of Beauty which we | the supper in a large iron pot, over a fire find in one of her published letters .--"Beauty," says the jocound Grace, "is no fragile, rouged, and powdered ball-room forward, but at last I went up to the old belle; but a wild, blooming, vigorous squaw, and looking up into her good-hunymph of the mountains, a bounding, mored face, said, 'I come to live with you, sparkling Uudine, amid green dells and learn to make baskets, for I don't like dashing water-falls. Her eye flashes not my home.' She did not say any thing to back the glaring brilliancy of the gay sa- me, but made some exclamation in her loon, but warm sunshine and clear star- own language, and the others came crowdlight; and her voice is not tuned to the ing round. The boy laughed, shook me harp and guitar, but sings with the wild- by the hand, and said I was a brave girl; bird and laughs with the rivulet. Hebe but the old Indian grinned horribly and herself was no luxurious habitant of a laid his hand on my forehead, saying, marble palace, with silken couches and 'What a pretty head to scalp!' I screamvelvet carpets, but reclined beneath the ed and hid my face in the young squaw's that I was dark enough to be one, and I shades and danced amid the dews and blue cloth skirt. She spoke soothingly, moving splenders of the sacred mountains and told me not to be afraid, for no body of the Gods. The Muses and Graces were | would hurt me. She then took me to her

which shows the precocious development called us to supper. This was succotash, which she has remained enthusiastically of that spirit of enterprise and romance that is, a dish of corn and beans, cooked attached. Writing several years after, any authors whose productions are so much cently asked what he wanted to do with Deputy Sheriff.—George C. K. Zahm.

District Attorney.—Theophilus L. Hey which seems to be ingrained in her natur
with salt pork.

We all sat down on the Grace pays a feeling tribute to the tempo
the expression of their own individuality. such an article, to which the reply was— County Commissioners.—Thomas M'Ce al temperament. On a certain occasion, ground near the fire, and ate out of great chester. Thomas M'Ce al temperament. On a certain occasion, ground near the fire, and ate out of great chester. it appears that the young madcap had call- wooden bowls, with wooden spoons, which chester," she says, "was for some years ary taste, acknowledging no allegiance to ed forth the displeasure of her affectionate I must say tasted rather too strong of the my well-beloved home; here it was that I the absurd restrictions of the schools, loy-Treusurer.—George J. Rodgers.

Poor House Directors.—William P. performance which had nearly ended in means,—but ate a great deal more than I trifle of book-knowledge; for much learn-ture, she dips her pen in her true woman's tected?" broken bones. "It happened," says Grace, wanted, and pretended to relish it, for ing has never yet made me 'mad' or 'blue." Poor House Treasurer.—George C. K. that I had on that day a nice new dress, fear they would think me ill-bred. I It was here that woman's life first opened tiful, and vigorous creations, which are Poor House Steward.—James J. Kaylor which I had sadly soiled by my fall from Mercantile Appraiser.—Francis Tierney would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very Auditorz.—Rees J. Lloyd, Daniel Cobrbe pony; so that when I reached home, I thought their supper served in the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I thought their supper served in the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I then the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I thought them to prove the first opened would not have had them know but what I then the very and of pleasure; but as a subsect that would not have had them know but what I then the very a subsect that would not have had them know but what I then the very and of pleasure.

I thought the rest opened the very and of pleasure is but as a subsect that would not have a s my mother was greatly displeased. I suppose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance in the very pose I made a very odd appearance. I thought their supper served in the very pose I made a very odd appearance in the very pose I made a very

ERENSBURG BOR. OFFICE ad become unbraided and was blowing accidentally dropped a little of the hot to me severely earnest, profoundly real, impulsive, often careering wildly in im-Justices of the Peace .- David H. Rotver my eyes. I was never very fair in succotash on his hand. He growled out and my days of romantic pleasures and ot very gently, and looked at me with a had heard of white wives behaving worse.

to blame for being dark,—I did not make myself,—I had seen fairer women than my mother. I felt that what she said was what he was called, hoping that he had seen fairer women than the was called, hoping that he was called, hoping that mor, till my naughty heart became so hot and big with anger, that it almost choked brave and squaw-like, and began to think sure there can be few brighter passages than the effective sympathy which on this, very stern, for I had made up my mind to something great. Before I let you know leggings, and the yellow moccasins I was of youthful genius. what this was, I must tell you that the going to buy for myself, with the baskets Among the poetical pieces which at-Onondaga tribe of Indians had their vil- I was going to learn to weave. But when tracted the greatest share of admiration, stone is the weird Jacob's ladder of her five or six had been to our house that very of my mind. I thought first of my moth- tions in prose, which at once attracted nomorning, and I knew that they had their er, how she would miss the little brown tice, piqued curiosity, and made the name encampment in our woods, about half a face at the supper-table, and on the pil- of "Grace Greenwood" a prime favorite mile distant. These I knew very well, low, by the fair face of my blue-eyed sis- among the numerous popular contributors and had quite a liking for them, never ter. I thought of my young brother, Al- to the widely-circulated magazines of the always seemed kind and peaceable.

did not know which way to go to find the should storm before morning, and the high of "Greenwood Leaves" was issued the of feminine reserve, and her sarcastic Pastor.—Preaching every Sandard Box.

2 and 6 o'clock. Sabbath School at Hock.

attracted a multitude of appreciative and and a boy about fourteen years old. But fast asleep, and as for the younger one, I fifteen months in England, Scotland, Ire-secret of her success. I must not forget the baby, or rather pap- feared that a man who indulged himself land, France, Italy, and Tyrol, gratifying In the maturity of noble womanhood which looked mean and starved, like all built among a pile of stones.

"For some time, I did not dare to go all young ladies of rural propensities and wigwam, where I sat down and tried to parents removed to the city of Rochester, the collection of stories heretofore prepardollars. On the appointed day the purmake myself at home. But somehow I where she enjoyed the excellent educa- ed for their entertainment. A little incident of her childhood is didn't feel quite comfortable. After a related in one of her juvenile works, while, the old squaw took off the pot, and mother, by indulging in a wild equestrian pine. But I did not say so then,—by no spent my few school-days; received my al to the spontaneous inspirations of nawas swinging my bonnet in my hand, for ever, by one incident during the meal. many efforts and few successes, of eager inevitable utterance of a highly imaginahad a natural dislike to any sort of cov- While the young squaw was helping her and great aspirations, and slow and particle at the latter is usually more ring for the head. My thick dark hair husband for the third or fourth time, she tial realizations. Life has thus far been carefully elaborated, but both are free, omplexion, and my face, neck, and arms like a dog, and struck her across the face ideal visions are yet to come." ad become completely browned by that with his spoon. I thought that she showthe shoulder, set me down in a chair, her head and did not say any thing. I

my mouth, and swung my foot back pitied the poor white people for being shut

first time that the delicate question of my most spoiled by living in the house and to the promise of rising genius. They at of whom mortal tongue can say little but

face in her bosom, sobbing out, 'O mothkissed me very tenderly, and when she did so, I felt the tears on her dear cheek. "I need hardly say that I never again undertook to make an Onondaga squaw of quick and penetrating eye abroad. myself, though my mother always held

tional advantages of that place, and gained her first experience of the social life to discover the perpetual influence of her with an air of satisfaction put it on his

In 1843, she removed, with her parents, Parrish, David Lewis, Richard Jones, Jammer's exposure. My mother took me ed a most Christian spirit, for she hung to New Brighton, Pa., where she has since resided until her recent marriage, although spending a very considerable portion of in her mood of frolic gayety. At other al frown on her sweet face. She told "When supper was over, the boy came her time in Washington, Philadelphia, times, her song gushes forth in plaintive and his pocket-book gone, with not only o in plain terms that I was an idle, care- and laid down at my feet, and talked with and other eastern cities. Soon after her melodies, like the sweet, sad warblings of the thirty dollars just paid, but four huns third! I put my finger in one corner me about living in the woods. He said he removal to New-Brighton, she commenced the nightingale. But this is never her dred besides. Verdict of the public: her career as an authoress. Her first habitual state. Her temperament is too Treasurer of School Board.—Evan Morel forth. She said I was a great romp! up in houses all their days. For his part, productions, under the signature of "Grace genial, too vivacious, too full of love for outed my lip, and drew down my black he should die of such a dull life, he knew Greenwood," were contributed to the New brows. She said I was more like a he should. He promised to teach me how York Mirror, then under the editorial care the daintiest sweetness of rapt melancholy. d young squaw than a white girl! Now to shoot with the bow and arrows, to snare of George P. Morris and N. P. Willis.— Her healthy spirit always rebounds un-Is the of Election.—David J. Jones.

The brilliant literary fame of both those der the excitement of precious human large day. David H. Roberts, David H. Ro itting upon facts; and 'twas not the things. He said he was afraid I was al. gentlemen did not make them indifferent sympathies, and of trust in the "dear God,"

complexion had been touched upon with- going to school, but he hoped that, if they once discerned the sterling merit of their that he is Love. out due regard for my feelings. I wasnot took me away and gave me a new name, contributor, reached forth to her the hand neither more nor less than an insult; and some grand Indian name, like Uncas, or aspirant, and challenged for her writings sports in the open air, every fresh plant when she went out to see about supper, Miantonimo, or Tushmalahah; but he said the public favor, which they have since of spring, every sweet breeze of heaven, and left me alone, I brooded over her it was Peter. He was a pleasant fellow, enjoyed in no stinted measure. In the touches the cords of sympathy within her words, growing more and more out of hu- and while he was talking with me I did recollections of those eminent men, we are soul, and inspires the fluent melody of her me. At last, I bit my lip and looked about the fine belt of wampum, and the as well as on numerous other occasions,

lage not many miles from us. Every few he left me, and I went back to the wigwam may be reckoned the "Ariadne," the memory, peopled with angels, and openmonths, parties of them came about with and sat down on the hemlock boughs by "Horseback Ride," and "Pygmalion."baskets and mats to sell. A company of myself, somehow I couldn't keep home out They were succeeded by various composi-

thinking of being afraid of them, as they bert, crying himself to sleep, because I was day. In connection with other literary lost. I thought of my father and brothers labors, she was the editor of the "Lady's "To them I resolved to go in my troub- searching through the orehard and barn, Book" for a year. Her first volume, enle. They would teach me to weave bask- and going with lights to look in the mill- titled "Greenwood Leaves," was brought worships it in others. Free from literary ets, to fish, and to shoot with the bow and arrow. They would not make me study, how, when she feared I was drowned, she of Boston. It consists of a collection of nor wear bonnets, and they would never would ery bitterly, and be very sorry for find fault with my dark complexion. I what she had said about my dark compensations are showing the genial powers and exuberant vivacity of nature would have shunned as competitors remember to this day how softly and slyly plexion. Then I thought of myself, how I slid out of the house that evening. I I must sleep on the hard ground, with she published a volume of "Poems," and It is not to be denied that she sometimes never stopped once, nor looked round, but | nothing but hemleck boughs for covering, | an admirable juvenile story-book, called gives offense to excellent people, who misran swiftly till I reached the woods. I and no body to tuck me up. What if it "History of My Pets." A second series take her frankness of manner for a want

encampment, but wandered about in the tree above me should be struck by light- following year, and also another juvenile pleasantries on social and public humbugs gathering darkness, till I saw a light glim- ning! What if the old Indian should not work, called "Recollections of my Child- for a superfluous wickedness of temper mering through the trees at some distance. be a tame savage after all, but should take hood." Each of these excellent works for that delights in the wholesale slaughter of I made my way through the bushes and a fancy to set up the war-whoop, and come the perusal of young people (though not the innocents. But all this is due to the brambles, and after a while came upon my and scalp me in the middle of the night! without a charm to readers of every age) want of the early training which inculcates meeting on the first Monday evening each last, is again changed; but the appellation of the bell in the village church ranged has been received with cordial delight as hypocrisy as a virtue, and fritters away all them some wigwams with maple saplings, devotions at home. I looked round to see In the spring of 1852, Grace was ena- phrases of polished apathy. Grace Greenunder which she made her earliest ap- covered with hemlock boughs. There if my new friends were preparing for wor- bled to carry into effect a long-cherished wood has been faithful to the dreams of Pastor.—Preaching every Sabbath tog at pearance in the field of authorship, and were in the group two Indians, two squaws, ship. But the old Indian was already desire to visit Europe. She passed about her childhood and in this fidelity lies the

The first years of her childhood were poose, who was lying in a sort of eradle, in beating his wife with a wooden spoon her native love of art by the sight of its her genius is doubtless destined to still spent with her parents, and a large family made of a large, hollow piece of bark, would hardly be likely to lead in family choicest specimens in the galleries of the higher triumphs than she has yet achieved. of brothers and sisters in a pleasant rural which was hung from the branch of a tree prayers. Upon the whole, I concluded Old World, gaining fresh materials for Inspired with the lofty democratic sentiby pieces of the wild grape-vine. The I was among rather a heathenish set. poetry in the seenery and suggestions of a ment of the age, looking upon the course quired that face-to-face familiarity with na- young squaw, its mother, was swinging it Then I thought again of home, and doubt- foreign land, forming an acquaintance with of Humanity with the natural piety of ture, that wild passion for out-door sports back and forth, now far into the dark ed whether they would have any family several of the most attractive celebrities feeling which finds good everywhere and "Suddenly, I heard a familiar sound at petrifactions of European society. She amid her degradation, her sorrow, and her a little distance,—it was Carlo's bark !— returned from her transatlantic tour in crime, Earth still cherishes deep in her Nearer and nearer it came; then I heard August last, and has since prepared a re- bruised heart a sweet hope, holy and insteps coming fast through the crackling cord of her travels, entitled "Haps and destructible, that the day of her redempbrushwood; then little Carlo sprang out Mishaps of a Tour in Europe," which will tion draweth nigh.' The day foretold by of the dark into the fire-light, and leaped soon be issued in Boston, by Ticknor, the fire-touched lips of prophets; the day upon me, licking my hands with joy. He Reed & Fields. This volume, it may be whose coming was hailed by the martyrs was followed by one of my elder brothers, predicted, will possess as great an interest in hosannas that rang through their prisand by my mother! To her I ran. I for the public in general, as any of her on-walls and went up amid the flames.dared not look her in her eyes, but hid my previous works. With her acuteness of The day of the fulfilment of the angels' observation and never-failing flow of spir- song; the day of the equality taught by er, forgive me! forgive me! She pres- its, she is singularly adapted to give a liv- Jesus in the temple, on the mount, and sed me to her heart, and bent down and ing, daguerreotype sketch of her impres- by the way-side; the day of the peace, sions, and has doubtless imbedied in this production a series of salient comments on life and society, as it passed under her

> In October, 1853, she commenced the publication of "The Little Pilgrim," a for him, having in it a blade very delicate suppose the world would still bear her out monthly juvenile issued in Philadelphia and keen, concealed except on a narrow by Mr. Lippincott, which bids fair to prove scrutiny, and opening with a spring. The While she was still a school-girl, her as great a favorite with young readers as bargain was made to furnish it for thirty

> > In the writings of Grace Greenwood we

petuous flights, but always stamped with the impress of purity and a generous purpose. In her freest strains, she sings as the wild bird sings. The bobolink in a clover field is not more merry than she is all created things, to find content even in

verse. But her chiefest strength is in the warm glow of her affections. Herein she ing the passage to brighter worlds. She loves her parents, her brothers and sisters, with a love that can find no expression for its exuberant tenderness but in the impas-

sioned language of poetry. Her kind spirit is beautifully blended with the sentiment of reverence in spite of occasional audacious sallies on the detection of falseness and pompous pretense .rivalry, she is ever ready to do justice to

Young American freedom from the smooth | bor and to wait, it is a joy to know that, the rest, and the freedom of God."

> THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL .- A jeweller, who shall be nameless, was applied to by a nice looking man to make a gold ring chaser appeared, paid the stipulated price. which was fobbed very complacently, and

"Ah," replied the jeweller, doubtless in amazement, "how can you do such things with such an instrument and not be de-

The performer replied that his art conadjusted his hat, &c., and that discovery came too late. He then bade him good morning and went his way. Shortly after, the jeweller, as he walked round the counter, was accosted by the clerk :

"What is the matter with your pantaloons? How came you to tear them so?" "Nothing that I know of," was the answer. "Where?"

"Why, just look !" When, lo! his pocket was found to be cut by the artist, with his new instrument, Served him right!

A Pennsylvania editor, in an ap-

peal to his patrons, says: "The editor wants grain, pork, tallow, candles, whiskey, linen, beeswax, wool, and anything else that he can cat."